

THAT OLD KITCHEN STOVE

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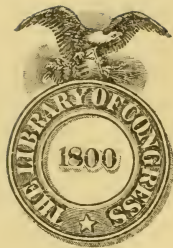
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1901



"O THAT OLD
KITCHEN STOVE
HOW MY
MEMORY CLINGS"

DAVID HAROLD JUDD



Class PS 3519

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THAT OLD
KITCHEN STOVE



BY
DAVID HAROLD JUDD

Fully Illustrated

By
ELIZABETH CRAIG

and
MAUD JAMES

THE
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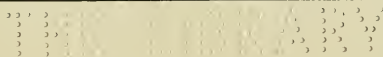
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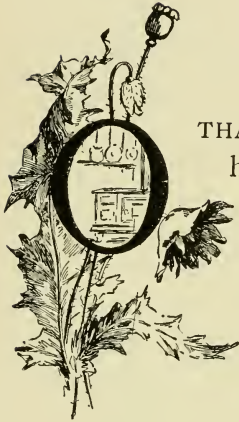
DEDICATED
IN ITS SIMPLICITY
FOR ITS HEART TO HEART DEVOTION
TO THAT MOST SACRED CIRCLE,
HOME,
AND FOR ITS CHRISTMAS CHEER
TO MY BELOVED WIFE

Antoinette.

1874
Antoinette
1874



That Old Kitchen Stove.

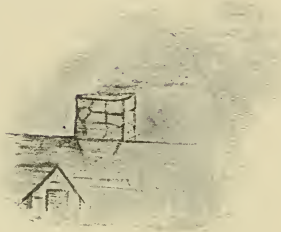


I.

THAT old kitchen stove,
how my memory clings,
As my thoughts turn
back to the savory
things
That emerged from its
oven, its pots and
kettles
When my mother
was matron of those relishing victuals.



II.



With what a rattle
and clatter and
din,

The table was
loaded with the
brightest of tin.

The fire was given a punch
and a poke
And the quaint stone chim-
ney, how it would smoke !
The embers on the hearth
would sparkle and glow
As if for the occasion they
were anxious to go ;
Enthused, as it were, by
my mother's desire,
For she trusted com-
pletely on that old stove
fire.



III.

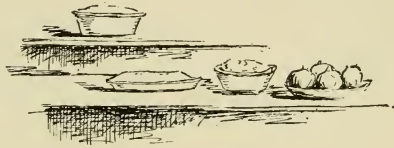


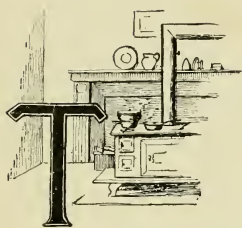
THOUGH years have gone by
it seems but a span
Since I tip-toed around, my
"mamma's little man,"
And watched her prepare,
as deftly she fingered
The dough into shape, the
while I lingered
Till she turned her head and gave me a
chance
To rub off my hands on my little pants.
For sly little fingers will unconsciously
steal
Into batter and butter, just to see how
they feel.
Ah, the dainties she cooked were tempt-
ing and sweet;
It would be hard I am thinking for them
to be beat.
Such doughnuts, cookies, tarts and mince
pies,
Were rapturous feasts for our little eyes.

8 That Old Kitchen Stove.

Then don't you know, no one else ever
could

Do everything just as my mother would?





IV.

HEN that old home kitchen was a model to behold,

It was just as neat as if garnished with gold.

The floor was as spotless as the sands on the beach ;

The ceilings were clean, not a speck was in reach ;

The windows were crystal, so clear and bright

That the beauties of heaven were reflected at night.

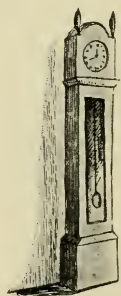
Behind the stove was a great wood box
As regularly filled as the crowing of the cocks.



v.

IN the brightest corner stood the old time clock ;
It was six-foot-six

in its solid oak stock,
Its pointers were chiseled from plates of
brass,
And its dear old face was hid
under a glass;
As its pendulum swung a tale
it told
Of the coming and going of our
little fold
Its vibrations echoed with a
resounding tick
And warned me to hasten, as youth passes
quick.
There the sweet smile of welcome to all
was given



For the beauty of home is to
emulate heaven,
And many a traveler, tired
and sore,
Was clothed and fed from that
old kitchen door.





VI.

ONE night I remember,
O, starlit night !
When love was borne
and all was bright ;
Lucinda came in, one of
the neighbor's girls,
As sweet as a rose, with
the loveliest curls.

Her eyes were akin to that heavenly hue,
Her breath as sweet as the
jasmine dew.

With the form of an angel, no
painter's brush
Could portray nature with a
purer blush.



Her smile, never mind her smile, don't
you see ?

For when she smiled, she smiled at me.



VII.

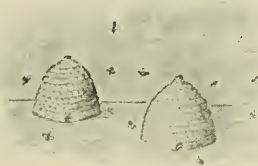
O, the time we did have, the games we
played;
The night being dark, Lucinda stayed.
Now the apples we pared and skins threw
about



With songs of laughter and a merry shout;
The candy we pulled and chilled on the
snow

14 That Old Kitchen Stove.

Gave to our cheeks a ruddy glow.
It was the innocence of childhood as gathered you see,
That made us as happy as happy could be.
And the brightest moment of our young lives,
As we huddled together like bees in a hive



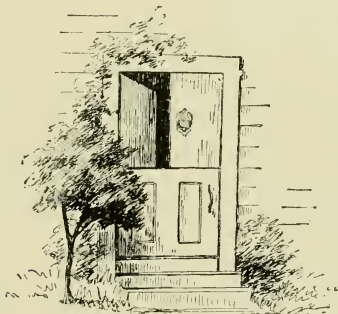
Was when we played we were in a grove
And picnicked around that old kitchen
stove.



VIII.



HERE are the friends of
my youth, all parted
and gone,
My brothers and sisters
have left every one ;
Their different vocations have called them
forth,



And the mark they make will tell of their
worth.
But my mother has passed from the cares
of earth,

16 That Old Kitchen Stove.

To the God she had worshiped since the
days of her birth;



And in my dreams I
see her vigil keep-
ing

Watch o'er her scat-
tered children, sleeping.



IX.



DEAR friends, I am no longer
a youth ;
Let us skip a decade inevi-
table truth.

I am quietly sitting
one cold Christ-
mas night,
By that old kitchen
stove, but with
no delight.



For down at the corners where the two
roads meet,
Stands an old stone Church a little back
from the street,



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'Tis a pilot to the young, a harbor for the
old,
And to-night that sweet old story will be
told
How the Christ-child came, and the bonds
were burst
That the first might be last, and the last
might be first.
And the angel of my dreams in former
days
Is the angel to-night of those festival
plays;
Her hand will unclasp from that ladened
tree
Presents for all, for all but me.

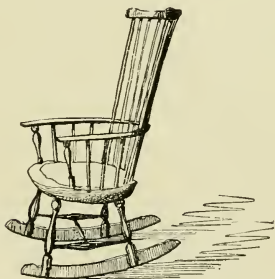




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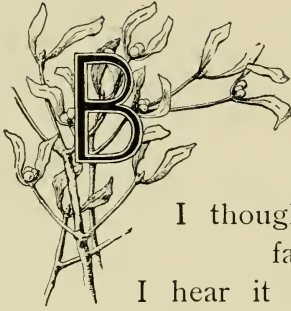
As I sit and ponder
my heart grows
glad

That her sweet min-
istering should make me sad ;
In this old wooden rocker by this stove
so dear



Am I waking, or dreaming? Somehow it
isn't clear,
For looking in the mists of the future I see
A Christmas present in keeping for me.

XI.



UT hark ! What is
this I hear ? Ah,
the wind out-
side !

I thought it a footstep, my
fancy betide ;

I hear it again. I challenge
them come,

And Lucinda is before me, speechless,
dumb.

“ Lucinda,” I cry as I fold her to my
heart,

“ Speak, mine angel, must we ever more
part ?

For years I’ve wandered and couldn’t
longer stay,



That Old Kitchen Stove. 21

When I knew that you too had planned
to go away.

I need you, Lucinda, to make sacred this
spot,

Where grow the ivy-twine and the sweet
forget-me-not.

The love of my childhood is stronger still
As I read in your eyes the sweet 'I will.'
And her answer was whispered: "Tho'
long you've roved

We will pledge our troth by this old
kitchen stove."





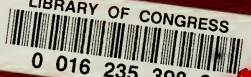


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